Here's the Idea

Of the Non-pull-out Bow The great watch saver. Saves the watch from thieves and falls-cannot be pulled off



Can only be had with cases stamped with this trade mark, Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases now fitted with this great bow (ring). They look and wear like solid gold cases. Cost only about half as much, and are guaranteed for twenty years. Sold only through watch



LOVE STREAMS.

Title a swellen brook in apringtime Foaming, sparkling, laughing, gay, Onward leaps impetuous passion

PHILADELPHIA.

Mother Nature sets the fashion-Like a winding stream in summer.

Broad and deep and calm and clear, Onward flows love's mighty current Year by year. Mother Nature, all inherent, Like a vast unfathomed ocean,

Swelling, throbbing, ever free, Onward drifts love's tide immortal You and me.

-Minneapolis Tribune.

A PLAINS ROMANCE.

I heard the story from Jerry Madden. Teddy's present partner in the cattle business, a couple of years ago, as we sat in the shade of the ranchhouse one afternoon.

"Why Teddy don't drink and likewise swears quite few?" he asked in response to a query of mine. "That! Sho" 'e hain't tuk nothin f'r most 12 'r 13 year, 'count o' his kid. 'Married?' Oh, no, none whatever. They hain't no heifer gits Teddy, not much. 'Why?' Give it up. Mebbe you c'n tell me?

"Ted was ridin along one day-'tis 13 year ago-ridin clost by th' railroad track one evenin, feeli vind o' sore an disgusted like, when, an of a suddent, 'e sees somethin funny trottin along th' track. Ted stops an wipes 'is eyes an gazes a hull lot more, 'cause what 'e seen wa'n't nothin like what we finds round this yere patch o' bresh. None whatetver. Moreovermore, Ted 'd be'n tankin up quite plenty that day, 'e had, an was dead leary o' what might be th' matter of 'is peeps. But 'e rubs em quite a lot more, an I hope I may straddle th' 'ghost brone' ef there wa'n't th' purtiest little maverick ye ever see -little girl bout 5 year old-browsin along th' track, lookin lost.

"Course Ted rides up an asts who she is an what she's doin there, all alone, with 'er purty face an han's an elegant clo'es, but she couldn't tell 'im. Jes' bu'st out cryin an kep' a cryin, an we does, an settles th' case, an that at 'er bein there, 'cause she was tongue | Jeb Barlow's, where Ted gits up an | works." tied 'r somethin an couldn't say but a few words, pore little thing. But we gits at it th't 'er name's Norah, we does, an th't she draps off a train jes' b'fore

she sights Ted ('r 'im, her). "That little heifer was a beaut', she sho' was, an twa'n't more'n two days 'fore we all was ready t' d' most anything f'r her-me an Ted an ole lady Parry (th' boss' wife) an all th' rest, an dam' ef I don't b'lieve we wa'n't real glad 'stead o' sorry when we fin's out they don't seem t' be no one lookin f'r such a maverick—'cause we adver-tised, o' course, t' git 'er folks. But we gits no word, not a bloomin shout, so Ted jes' bran's th' kid f'r his'n an pr'ceeds t' raise 'er (think o' Ted, which th' same never raised nothin but hell b'fore, raisin that little, tender gyurl!),

Mrs. Parry takin care of 'er f'r awhile. "Well, Ted was jes' th' funniest cow hand I ever bucks up ag'in. Ye wouldn't 'a' knowed 'im. Ted was a howlin wolf-a reg'lar ole hyena b'fore thatbut after th' kid comes 'e braces right up an gits good, none o' th' gang object-

'cause they savvies why 'e does it.
"After th' kid was 'bout 9 'r 10 years old we all don't get t' see much of 'er, 'cause Ted, havin laid up some dough, sends 'er off t' school. 'She's a sho' 'nough thor'ughbred, she is,' says Teddy, an she gits no scrub trainin. Sabe?

'That goes, o' course, an th' kid likewise goes t' school, comin back once a year lookin sweeter an purtier 'an ever an we all, mostly Ted, willin t' lay right down an let 'er tromp on our measly ole flea bit frames. Oh, she was jes' like Ted prognosticates on th' jump -a sho' 'nough thor'ughberd.

"Tell ye what she does one time bout two years ago. They was livin 't th' station, her'n Ted an Mrs. Bell, th' woman th't give th' gyurl lessons an one day some eastern folks gits off th' train lookin f'r Mr. McLennan, which is Ted sence 'e gits intuh business for 'isself. They was a real nice lookin, fat ole girl, with spectacles with handles to em, an a dood with one o' these yere foolish little caps ye sees through th' winduhs o' th' sleepin cars.

"Ted an Norah was at th' deepo look in f'r some school frien's o' the gyurl's, when these folks gits off, an some one points Ted out, an th' dood braces 'im. ' 'Aw, me good man,' says 'e, takin

sight at Ted over th' end of 'is nose, 'aw, are you Mister McLennan?' "Ted's a good man-no discount or that-but 'e does sho' hate t' be called one, moreover by a dood, which critter

is quite rousin t' Ted's killin instinc's Marvelous Results. From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunder man, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no besitation

in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succedding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly

-but 'e gives it out th't his brand is he says 'e loves me an wants me t' sech, an th' dood springs 'is game on 'im, which is th't 'e an ole lady is lookin f'r Norah Somethin 'r other, which is th' name o' th' kid th't falls off a train one day 10 years 'r so b'fore—our Norah, sho' 'nough.

makes a play th't Ted had stole th' kid.

Th' ole lady was goin t' fall on Norah's

chill, an, moreover, gives it out cold th't

she don't move a step-th't she stays

with Ted, th't's be'n a reg'lar dad to 'er.

th't Norah's temper's pretty high up.

"Ev'rything's real lovely ontell a lit-

tle while ago—last year it was. Things got a little excitin round yere—real ex-

citin f'r some folks, I may say. They

was a few gents in these parts was get

tin quite frisky with brandin irons, an

was real careless 'bout driv: . off wood

critters. They was real retirio modesi

kind o' people, they was, even of they

was talented in th' brandin line, an wa

was quite anxious t' meet up with 'em

'r three of 'em strayin round, but they

keep sawin wood an makin us real

tired, so we goes t' work an organizes a

vigilance c'mmittee, with Ted as chair-

"They was a young feller 't th' sta-

tion then, named Harwood. 'E'd come

fr'm somewheres, an give it out 'e was

a doctor, a little out o' health 'isself-

'e didn't look it, though, bein a big

husky sort o' chap. .'E hangs out 'is

then makes a dead play f'r Norah, w'ich

seems t' go all right, Norah lettin on t'

like th' duck quite plenty. Oh, but 'e

we was thinkin th' gyarl was stuck on

him, too, an it did sho' give us a pain,

'cause we didn't want no bloomin

chump friskin round Ted's corral cut-

tin out Norah. An still this yere feller

seems white an decent, an 'twas square

onpossible t' hate 'im, none whatever

So, when 'e offrs t' join th' c'mmittee,

we says yes, o' course. 'E wa'n't a real

tenderfoot, ye know, an acted like 'e

"Well, we keeps up th' good work an

opes a few gents, an they gits quite a

ot careful, but keeps on workin. Then,

one night, when Ted was out yere, an

we was settin up late, we hears a noise

among th' home hosses in th' corral, an

I says, 'O-ho! they're goin intuh th'

hoss business, too, are they?' an me'n

"They was five of 'em, but we was

"I was f'r killin of 'im clean, right

wouldn't, so we takes 'im intuh th'

hurt, after all. He wants us t' finish th'

little, sort o' sour, an tells him t' keep

makes a game o' talk. Says 'e

"Next day me'n Ted hol's a meetin.

" 'Gents, I an my pardner, Mr. Mad-

den, has made a real techin discovery.

I hain't no greater talker, but I jes

wants t' say th't we find th't Doc Har-

wood, a member o' this yere hon'r'ble

body, is one o' th' gents we want most-

"Right yere they gits excited, but

'em how we gits Doc, an so on. Then

" 'I wants t' add right yere th't Doc

Harwood is at my house hurt bad, an as

long as 'e's there I stand over 'im an

keeps 'im fr'm harm. An I adds fur-

ther th't I don't do this b'cause 'I'm

stuck on Doc, but b'cause him an my

little girl is stuck on each other. Now,

gents, I want t' make a offer. Ye can't

have Doc 'thout gittin me an breakin

little Norah's heart, but I agrees t'

zles 'im. 'But look here,' says 'e. 'I

go. Does that go?

t' th' States.

there, but Ted wouldn't have it,

out f'r business an cuts loose, an they

don't wait t' pick up th' cuss we drap-

Ted breaks f'r th' corral.

had sand.

Harwood!

quiet.

says 'e:

"An she staid, you bet, an Ted was

"They was a su'prise all round, they 'e, very quiet: 'Didn't I tell ye, darlin, they hain't was. Then Norah takes a hand an flies nothin ye can't have? I don't know this 't th' ole girl an asts why she didn't yere Alec chap, but ef ye wants 'im ye find 'er then, an they gives it out th't sho' gits 'im ef I has t' rope 'im mythey never saw Ted's advertisement, an all that, an never learns where she is "An so she does. Oh, they's nothin ontell they lately runs ontu Mrs. Parry somewheres out west. They likewise

Ted wouldn't do f'r that there gyurl." -Lester Ketchum in San Francisco neck an weep a lot, but Norah don't like that style o' play, so she gives 'er a

A CHILD.

Ted's neck an weeps a lot.

Did signs are written in thy tender face, Desires, regrets that thou hast never known. thou art the heir of thy aspiring race,

Of hope that hardly dost portend the morn, And sadness that hast scarcely guessed at th' tickledest ole stiff in th' country, ' think she'd rather flock with him th'r pain, Fod takes the characters of fate outworn And writes them fair again. ' train wi' them bowlin swells. They nakes no further play, thinkin, mebbe,

Those little feet, that scarce the light turi press,
Those little hands so brown with wind and od grant they tremble not for wearines

And thou shalt love and learn what love i worth.

And thou shalt trust and learn to value men,

and all the sudden mysteries of earth Shall open to thy ken. What! Wilt be flying? Am I, then, too staid? Can I not smooth the meditative brow, Flash through the sun and flutter through the but they lays pretty low. We gits two As birds from bough to bough?

> What! Dost thou linger? Ah, my dear, how much
> Thou givest, couldst thou only understand!
> The kiss of childish pity and the touch
> Of thine absolving hand.
> —New York Ledger.

A PLUCKY ENGINEER

I am a civil engineer, or rather I shingle an gits a leetle acquainted, an was one until I retired a few years ago with a comfortable fortune. Many men in our profession have had exciting exwas sho' spoony on her. Th' wust was, periences, but I doubt whether anybody but myself has ever traveled at the rate of 60 miles an hour, suspended beneath a railway carriage.

I was never a man to seek adventure for its own sake; neither was I inclined to be timid when a task attended with danger had to be performed. My work often brought me into great peril; but, except on the occasion of which I am about to write, I had, fortunately, kept lear of accidents.

It was in the seventies that I received the appointment of chief engineer to one of the big railway lines connected with Boston. I was of an inventive turn and had recently taken out a patent for a radial axle frame for six wheeled coaches. This was a device that enables the wheels of a carriage to adjust themselves to sharp curves and so obviate the friction of the rail and consequent danger that attached to the ordinary fixed

ped, an I'll eat a rawhide ef it wa'n't This patent of mine was applied experimentally to several coaches on my line, and the results were to all appear ances very satisfactory. However, I had a technical dispute with a brother engineer, an old friend in whose opinion I house an brings 'im round, not so bad generally had the fullest confidence, rejob, 'fraid, mebbe, we're savin of 'im t' specting a rather important detail. As a matter of fact, we held different opinstring up some, but Ted only grins a ions as to the behavior of the mechanism when in actual operation, and my working model did not help us much.
"I'll tell you what I will do," I said.

'twa'n't f'r a day 'r so we c'd even guess | night we goes t' th' c'mmittee meetin at "I'll satisfy myself by seeing how it "How do you mean?" he asked.

> "Why, I'll travel underneath the ceach, hang myself up in a hammock and watch the whole thing. My friend smiled incredulously.

> "Will you accompany me? I am in earnest," I continued.

"No, thank you," was his reply. must decline to embark on such a harebrained adventure. I have a wife and Ted calls 'em down an goes on tellin family dependent on me."

But I was determined to settle the point. If what he said was correct, the sooner the modification was made the better. So I made arrangements for my journey on the Boston express next day. When I reached the railway station, I found that my instructions had been carried out. A large piece of sacking was suspended beneath the carriage by four stout hempen ropes, passed through

wrought iron staples and properly tied

pack th' galoot off t' th' States an guarand lashed. I examined it carefully and found everything secure. antee 'e stays ther' ef you all lets 'im A few minutes before the train start-"It went O. K. after some rag chewed I crept into my hammock, assisted by my friend, who had come to see me in. So in a few days Doc glides back off on my strange journey. He wished me bon voyage, the whistle blew, and "Nope. Norah didn't go-not any.

spectacles that I had taken the precau-

not to be compared to the motion I ex-

perienced. It was more like being vio-

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Cintment
Is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes,
Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Piles,
Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head,
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TO HORSE OWNERS.

For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders.

They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

Ted goes t' her an gives it out th't Doc's we began to move out of the station. Lying as I was on my back, smoking at b'n hurt by hoss thieves an has got t' a cigar, the motion was at first decidedly slide home. Does she want to go? pleasant, but as we got up steam and "Right yere Norah gives 'im th' merry 'ha ha!' Not much. She don't want increased our speed my position became one of considerable discomfort. I was t' go. 'Not with no hoss thief anyway, rocked from side to side with ever in-Uncle Teddy, ' she says. creasing violence and soon became cov-" 'Hoss thief?' says Ted. 'What d'ye ered with dust and ashes, which, with mean b' that?' the tremendous draft, were driven "'Mean what I say,' says Norah. 'Never mind, Uncle Teddy, I knows against my face in a manner that was at times quite painful. My eyes were, what I'm 'ludin at.' however, protected by a suitable pair of "Ted sees she's on, an it sort o' raz-

tion to provide myself with. be'n thinkin you-you sort o'-well, I was able from my position to watch liked th' cuss a hull lot.' closely the behavior of the axle frame. " 'None at all, Uncle Teddy,' says I was acquainted with the position and Norah real promptly. 'I was jes' only character of every curve on the line, havin a leetle fun with 'im. It's dull and consequently knew just when to be ont vere sometimes, ye know. "This yere makes Ted feel a hull lot specially watchful. My gratification was complete when I found that in better, 'cause-'cause, ye see, th' ole fool was ('e tells me all about it) sort o' every respect the views I had advocated were correct. Every swivel and lever havin aspirations 'isself. worked splendidly, and the undue strain-ing that my friend had insisted must

"About a week after Doc left Norah comes t' Teddy one mornin smilin an blushin an kerryin a letter. Ted was occur at certain points did not exist. settin lookin out th' window, real sol There was absolutely no way of improv ing the mechanism that I could see. emn an sad, wonderin, jes' that minute, ef 'twas a squar' deal an right ar We had passed the worst curve on straight, f'r t' ask th't leetle gyurl t' the line and were now greatly increas ing our speed. We were entering on marry him. Th't there proposition was the fastest bit of the journey, and what'd be'n keepin pore ole Ted awake things were getting lively for me. The f'r nights an nights, an he was sho' puzzled. 'Bout yere Norah bounces in pitching and rolling of a small boat in midchannel in "choppy" weather were

on 'im an makes 'im jump.
" 'Oh, Uncle Teddy,' says she, wants ye t' do somethin f'r Norah.' "Ted looks at 'er real solemn a min

ute an then says more solemn: "'Ye know they hain't nothin t' ask fer th't I won't do f'r ye,' 'e says. 'W'y, see yere, Norah, darlin, can't ye

"'Oh, I know, ye dear ole goose, says Norah, breakin of 'is talk off short. 'But hain't this great? I've just got a letter fr'm Alec'-

'Who's Alec?' says Ted, most broke up an gettin out o' th' chair tremblin. satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at D. J. Humphrey Drug Store. Regular clark's brother, an I met 'im at New York when I was attained in the chair tremblin.

marry 'im, an, oh, Uncle Teddy, ye hain't cross, be ye?' And she falls on One jolt sent me flying upward, and l struck my head against the framework with such force that the blow nearly stunned me. At another time I was nearly rolled out beneath the wheels. I "Ted stan's an lets 'er weep quite plenty, him chokin down a big swellin was compelled to hold on to the sides of in 'is throat all the time. Then, says the sacking for dear life, and my hands were battered a good deal. To make matters worse, a giddiness and nausea were coming over me-a virtual seasickuess-and I kept asking myself why I

> a foolhardy undertaking. Suddenly turning my eyes to one of the two supporting cords at the head of my hammock, I saw, with a feeling of extreme horror, that through friction with part of the radial axle frame it had been cut more than half through! was hanging by a mere filament! If that broke, death was certain. I must either be thrown between the wheels of the carriage and frightfully mangled or dashed to pieces on the permanent way.

had been mad enough to embark on such

I immediately sought some means of scape from the doom that stared me in the face. I could find none. To hang on by the remaining cord at the head of the hammock was impossible, as directly the other was cut through there would be no support to my feet, which I could not place over the side of the sacking without their coming in contact with the mechanism of the coach. For the same reason I could not grasp any of the framework above, as the only parts on which I could lay hold were the levers, which were constantly moving from side to side and would infallibly crush my hands to pieces.

The cord was wearing thinner and thinner, and I knew that a few minutes must put an end to my existence. There was absolutely nothing to be done but await my fate, which I did, not with that calm composure that is supposed to mark the hero, but in unspeakable terror. My life was literally hanging on a thread, and I could only lie there trembling, in a cold sweat, watching until my fragile support should give way.

Suddenly the engine whistle gave long scream, and I knew that the brake was being applied and that our speed was rapidly slackening. What could it mean? A distance signal must be against us. If only the train would come to a standstill, I could escape! We were fast reducing our speed

and I was greatly excited with the hope that lay in this providential occurrence when another short whistle told me that the line was now clear. I felt the brake removed.

Now was the time or never! I knew that the train would not move any slower during the time that I could hope to continue in my position. We were gong 15 to 20 miles an hour.

Whipping out my pocketknife, I eached up one hand and cut through the thin strand that supported one side of my hammock. At the same moment I closed my eyes and let myself go, directing all my efforts to the end that my fall should be in the center of the track. I was conscious of a fearful blow on the back of the head and remember on more until my senses returned.

When I opened my eyes, I was lying between the lines with no train in sight. found that I had received a number of evere contusions, that my left shoulder was dislocated, and that I had sprained my right ankle. This seemed to be the extent of my injuries. In great pain I managed to limp to a cottage a few hundred yards from the line, where an agricultural laborer's wife was extremely kind and attentive. She sent her boy to fetch the local surgeon, who soon put my shoulder right and plastered and bandaged me all over. He then drove me to the nearest station, where I telegraphed the news of my safety, and awaited the next train back to New York.

When I reached town, a great many of the officials of the line were on the platform to condole with me on my accident and congratulate me on having escaped with my life. There had been great excitement and apprehension. When the train had arrived at Boston and it was seen that an accident had happened and that I was missing, a search for my body had been made along the whole line. My disappearance had

been considered very mysterious. My engineer friend, who had been extremely anxious about me, helped me into a carriage that he had in waiting to drive me to my home.

"How, in the name of heaven, did you escape with your life?"he asked as we drove out of the station. "I'll tell you all about it when we

get home," I replied; "but, first of all, I was right and you were wrong!" "My dear fellow," he said laughing ly, but in all sinceirty, "I am extremely glad that you have at least that satisfaction out of the melancholy business. I congratulate you heartily."—Exchange.

A Reason For Indolence.

Our public school and university system of training consists, from its conception to its end, in one continued series of competitions among those whom it is training for practical life, and the most successful competitor is supposed to be the most promising man of the future. But the triumphs thus obtained on the threshold of practical life are not infrequently purchased by a strain on the power of adolescent manhood, to be followed by a period of lassitude and indifference when the real work of the world begins.

one of the ablest and most vigorous of of coins nor wide trousers of rose colmodern statesmen was reproached by a relation for his apparently incurable indolence, and he retorted, "I am storing energy."-Quarterly Review.

Where the Danger Is. A stranger in New York city was being shown the sights by a resident friend. They had been putting in about

24 hours a day at it for a week, and the last day but one had arrived. "By the way," remarked the visitor, "I've done this town pretty thoroughly, but before I leave I want to see the most dangerous locality in it and go through

"You've been," replied the resident "I guess not." "Yes. Two or three times."

"Why, I didn't know it. Why didn' "I never thought of it." "Where is it?" "Wall street."-Detroit Free Press.

Were Immersea. WINCHESTER, O., May 29,-Over 2,000 people witnessed the immersion of eight converts to the Methodist Episcopal

church of this place Sunday at Brush Creek, three miles north of here. Rev. U. G. Pumphreys officiated. There was a large crowd of buggies and wagons. One wreck was the result, but no one was seriously injured.

THE WOUND

Fling the gay stuffs above it, The scar that the wound has left;
Hide it with glowing flowers.
With fingers quick and deft;
Speak as f never a weapon,
Held in a reckless hand. Had struck a blow so cruel; The world will understand

The world will look and lightly Say it is all forgot;
The sneer, the lie, the treason,
Are all as they were not. hange in the law of nature, And love and faith and trust Are things too fair and dainty To tread life's common dust

Only when all is over The curtain drawn o'er the play; When the voice has hushed its pleading The smile has died away;
When the corpse is decked for burial,
And things show as they are,
Deep, red and angry, as at first,
I think they'll find the sear. -All the Year Round

KADOUR AND KATEL.

Kadour-ben-Cherifa, sergeant major in a native regiment of tirailleurs, was almost dying the evening they carried him to Rippert's sawmill on the Sauerbach, and for five long weeks, racked by the pain of his wounds and burning with fever, he lived as though in a dream. At times he thought himself still in the thick of battle, shouting and leaping through the flaxfields of Wissembourg, or, again, he was away off in Algeria, in the house of his father, the caid of the

At last one day he opened his eyes and became vaguely conscious of a bright, calm, white curtained room, with green branches swaying outside its windows in of the setting sun. the soft, tempered sunshine, and near his bed a silent little sister of charity, but a little sister without beads or silver cross or blue veil; only two heavy braids she had, falling down over a velvet bodics. From time to time some one would call out, "Katel! Katel!" and the girl would go away on tiptoe, and the wounded boy could hear in the distance a sonorous young voice, as refreshing to listen to as the brook running under the sawmill's windows.

Kadour-ben-Cherifa has been ill a long time, but the Ripperts have taken such good care of him that his wounds are healed, and they have hidden him so well that the Prussians have not found him to send him to die of cold in the Mayence prisons. Now he commences to talk, to show his white teeth and to take a few steps around the room, letting one of his sleeves-the one with a wide, gaping hole in the midst of its embroideries fall empty over a well dressed and bandaged but still impotent arm. Every day Katel carries a wicker chair down into the little sawmill garden for the conva-lescent and finds for him the sunniest corner, along the wall, where the grapes ripen quickest, and Kadour, who, being caid's son, was educated at the Arabian college in Algiers, thanks her in some what barbarous French, well sprinkled with bono bezeffs and macach bonos.

Without realizing it, the young Arab is under a spell. This easy gayety of a Frankish virl, whose life is as free as a bird's, without enveloping veils out of doors or barred windows at home, astonishes and enchants him. So different from this is the cloistered life of the women of his land - the little white masked, musk perfumed Moorish women. Katel on her side, finds Kadour s trifle too black, but he seems so good, so brave, and he does so detest the Prussians! One thing only troubles her. Off there in that Algeria of Africa men have the right to marry several wives. Katel cannot understand that at all, so when the Algerian, to tease her, says in his jargon: "Kadour marry soon. He take four wives-four!" Katel becomes very

"Oh, what a wicked Kadour! What a heathen!

Then the Arab laughs a hearty boy's laugh, but suddenly he becomes serious again and is mute before the young girl opening upon her eyes so wide-so wide you would thing he wished to carry her away in their gaze.

It was thus that the loves of Kadour

and Katel commenced. Now that he is well, Kadour has re turned to his father, and you can imagine if there has been merrymaking it his honor in the land of the Matmatas The reed flutes and little Arab drums have played their prettiest airs to receive him. As the old caid, who was sitting before his door, saw in the distance coming down the cactus alley this be loved son whom he thought dead, he shook under his woolen burnoose as though with a chill. For a whole month there was an uninterrupted series of diffas, of fantasias, in the tribe. The caids and agas of the neighborhood disputed with each other the honor of having Ka dour-ben-Cherifa for their guest, and ev ery evening in the Moorish cafes they would make him tell them over and over again of the great battles in which he had taken part.

But all these honors, all this feasting, do not make Kadour the happier. In the paternal abode, surrounded though he be by all the associations of his boy hood-his horses, his dogs, his guns there is something always lacking-Katel's cheery words and pleasant laughter The perpetual chatter of the Arabian women, which used to cause his heart to beat so quickly, now wearies and annoys him. He no longer admires headdresses braids falling down, without pearls or gauze or flowers, only intermingled with threads of gold from the setting sun in a little Alsatian garden.

But if Kadour would? In the next tribe to his there are beautiful black eyes watching him from behind the barred windows of the aga's dwelling -beautiful eyes so elongated with kohl that their every glance is an indolent caress. But Kadour no longer cares for eyes like that. What he dreams of, what he longs for, is Katel's kind look, which used to make the tour of his room so quickly to see that nothing was lacking for his comfort and in which the life was

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depths of water drops. Little by little, however, the charm of blue eyes wears off; that tender charm intermingled in his mind with the first experiences of convalescence, its first walks out of doors and with the climate of France, so soft and temperate. Kadour has finally forgotten Katel. In the whole Chelif valley nothing is talked of but his approaching marriage with Ya mins, the daughter of the aga of Dzen-

One morning a long line of mule could be seen on the road leading to the town. It is Kadour-ben-Cherifa, who is going with his father to select the wedding gifts. The whole day is spent in the bazaars examining burnooses all shot with silver, rich carpets from Smyrns, amber necklaces and eardrops, and as he handles all these pretty jewels, these drifts of silk and shimmering stuffs, Kadour thinks only of Yamina. The orient has completely reconquered him, but more from the force of habit and the influence of the place and surrounding ob

jects than by any bond of the heart. At the close of the day the mules drawn up in line, laden with closely packed hampers of finery, were descend ing one of the outer streets of the town when on approaching the Arabian office they were stopped by a crowd assembled in the street. It was a band of emigrants that had just arrived. As nothing had been made ready to receive them, the poor things had come to the effice to protest and question. The more disheartened remained seated on their boxes, wearied from the journey, annoyed by the curiosity of the crowd, and over all these exiled ones, like an additional touch of sadness, shone the rays

Night was coming on to make still more wretched for them the mystery of this unknown land and the discomfiture of their arrival. Kadour looked at then mechanically. But all at once a deep emotion arose in his heart. The cos tumes of the old peasants, the velvet bodices of the women, all those heads the color of ripe wheat-and here his dream takes actual shape; he has just recognized the pretty features, the thick braids and the smile of Katel. She is there, a few paces from him, with the old man Rippert, the mother and the little ones-all so far away from their sawmill and the Sauerbach that still runs by the little abandoned home.

"Kadour!" "Katel!"

He has become very pale; she has blushed a little.

So, then, it is all arranged. The Caid's house is large, and while waiting for a piece of land to be allotted to them the family will install themselves there. Quickly the mother gathers together the bundles scattered around her and calls the little ones, who are already at play with the stranger children. They are all crammed into the hampers with the stuffs, and Katel laughs with all her heart to find herself so tall, seated high up in the Arabian saddle.

Kadour laughs, too, less loudly though with a feeling of deep, contained happiness. As night is coming on and it is cold, he envelops his companion in a fine striped burnoose, which drapes its

snimmering roids and tringes around her. Motionless and straight in her lefty seat, she looks like some blond Mussulman girl who has left her veils behind her. Kadour thinks of it as he looks at

her. And then there come to him mad ideas, a thousand wild projects. Already he has determined to release the aga's daughter from her word to him. He will marry Katel-no one but Katel. Who knows? Perhaps some day they will again be returning thus from

the town-they two, alone in a lane of laurel roses, she laughing in her high perch on the mule, he by her bridle as now. And feverish, deep in his dreams, he starts to give the signal for departure, but Katel stops him in her sweet voice: "Not yet-my husband is coming. We must wait for him "

Katel was married. Poor Kadour!-From the French of Alphonse Daudet in Short Stories.

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Journalistic Enterprise. The Springfield Republican the other day printed the Ten Commandments as an advertisement. At least it printed them, and we don't suppose the editor regarded them as being news. - Somer-

Sometime ago I was troubled with an attack of rheumatism. I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and was completely cured. I have since advised many of my friends and customers to try the remedy and all speak highly of it. SIMON GOLDBAUM, San Luis Rey, Cal. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon

ALONG THE BEACH.

Last night a storm was on the sea; 1 -The wreckage drifts ashore: Come walk along the beach with me And hear the breakers roar.

What soul their sorrow understands? What eye can trace their path? They fling themselves upon the sands And foam with fear or wrath.

The shore receives them, patient, dumb, Nor trembles at their shocks, But lifts to meet them as they come Its great, insensate rocks. They calm me with their awful strength,

So small my life appears, So less than nothing in their length Are all my days and years, I look across the restless sea And seem an atom tost To wandering winds, and what to me

Is joy if kept or lost? And what if wearled on the way I fall and faint and die, Would any miss till judgment day So small a thing as 1?
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